

# DR. COOK WRITES OF THE WEIRD ATTRACTION OF THE LIFELESS WORLD OF THE MID-POLAR FIELD OF MOVING ICE



THE NEW LAND  
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PHOTOGRAPHS BY DR. FREDERICK A. COOK

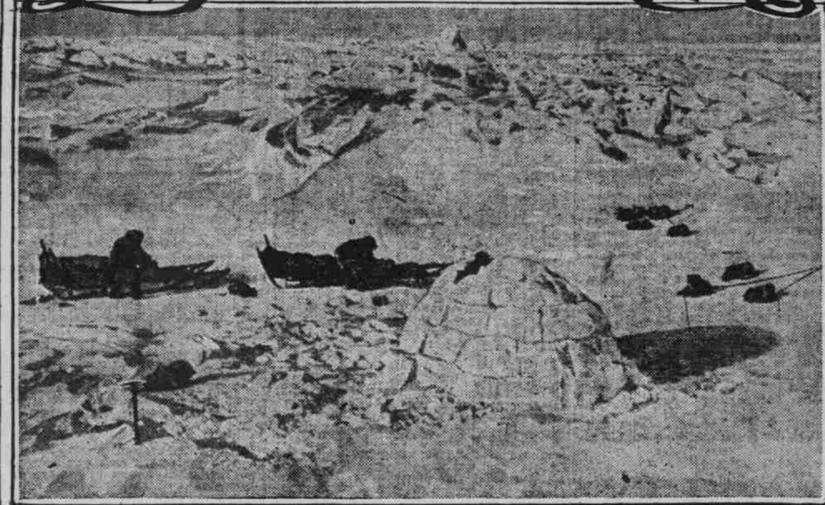
## Hissing Spouts of Arctic Air Drive Over the Party, Now Nearing the Big Goal

But When the Atmosphere Clears and It Is Possible to Breathe Without Being Choked by Crystals a Little Blue Is Seen in the West.

THEN, WITH FULL STOMACHS, DOGS AND MEN ONCE MORE MOVE ONWARD TO THE NORTH

Frightful Storm, However, Has Disturbed the Pack and Much Time and Distance Are Lost in Seeking a Line of Travel That Can Be Worked On.

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SNOW HOUSE CAMP, A TROUBLESOME PRESSURE ANGLE  
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## Snow Clad Land Is Found Close to the 102d Meridian Resembling Heiberg Island

Dr. Cook Describes Accurately the Position of This Polar Continent and Gives Its Peculiarities and What He Could Learn of Its Contour and Height.

ON APRIL 3 THE THERMOMETER AGAIN SINKS, BUT THE BAROMETER IS STEADY

Then Come Long Marches, and as the Ice Steadily Improves the Little Party Is Encouraged—Weariness, However, Is Marked and Houses Are Seldom Built.

NOW FAR BEYOND THE RANGE OF ALL OTHER LIFE

### SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PRINTED

In the first instalment of his thrilling story, "The Conquest of the Pole," printed in the Herald of Wednesday, Dr. Frederick A. Cook told of the start from Gloucester on the Bradley, of the voyage to the polar seas and of the overhauling en route of the equipment needed for the dash to the pole.

In a graphic manner the discoverer wrote a story of Eskimo life that never has been excelled for human interest. He told of the home life, the tragedy and comedy that mingle in the dreary existence of the dwellers in the Arctic, and of the childlike eagerness of the natives to trade their valuable furs and ivory for the simplest things of civilization.

The yacht, her owner, Mr. John E. Bradley, the explorer and his party were pictured in their preliminary work for the final dash.

Finally, after describing the various places visited in Greenland in search of guides and information as to conditions further north, Dr. Cook wrote of the trip across Inglefield Gulf, past Cape Auckland and on toward Cape Robertson.

Here the discoverer closed the first part of his narrative, with Etah and Annotok, the last points of call, looming in the icy distance.

In the second instalment Dr. Cook described the voyage to Etah and then on to Annotok, the place of plenty, which he selected as the base for his dash to the pole.

In the third instalment the explorer described the work of preparing his winter quarters, closing with a graphic description of a narwhal hunt.

In the fourth instalment Dr. Cook described the approach of the long Arctic night, which caused his party at Annotok to become very active in preparing for the dash to the pole.

In the fifth instalment Dr. Cook told of the actual start on February 19, 1908, and described the equipment he took for his great final dash.

In the sixth instalment the discoverer told of the first progress of his little party and the first sight of land, and his adventures on the perilous trip with the two Eskimos who went to the pole with him.

In the seventh instalment Dr. Cook described how his Eskimo companions saved his life.

In the eighth chapter Dr. Cook gave a vital picture of the terrors of the Arctic cold.

### Ninth Instalment THE CONQUEST OF THE POLE.

By Dr. Frederick A. Cook.  
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**A** WAKENED in the course of a few hours by drifts of snow about our feet, it was noted that the wind had burrowed holes in the weak spots through the snow wall. Still we were bound not to be cheated out of a few hours' sleep, and with one eye opened we turned over. Later I was awakened by falling snow blocks.

Forcing my head out of the ice encased hood, I saw that the dome had been swept away and that we were being buried under a dangerous weight of snow. In some way I had tossed about sufficiently during sleep to keep on top of the accumulating drift, but my companions were out of sight and did not respond to a loud call.

After a little search a blowhole was located, and in response to another call came Eskimo shouts. Violent efforts were made to free their bags, but the snow settled on them tighter with each tussle.

I was surprised a few moments later as I was digging their breathing place open to feel them burrowing through the snow. They

had entered the bag without undressing and half emerged with shirt and pants on, but with bare feet.

After a little more digging their boots were uncovered, and then, with protected feet, the bag was freed and placed to the side of the igloo. Into it the boys crept in full dress, except coats. I rolled out to their side in my bag.

Towers of Glitter.

The air came in hissing spouts, like jets of steam from an engine, but soon after noon of the 29th the ice under our heads brightened. It became possible to breathe without being choked with floating crystals, and as the ice about the facial furs was broken a little blue was detected in the west.

The dogs were freed of snow entanglements and fed, and a shelter was made

in which to melt snow and make tea. A double ration was eaten and then the sleds began to move again.

Soon the sun burst through the separating clouds and raised icy spires in towers of glitter. The wind then ceased entirely and a scene of crystal glory was laid over the storm swept fields. With full stomachs, fair weather and a much needed rest we moved with inspirations anew. Indeed, we felt refreshed as one does after a cold bath.

The pack had been much disturbed and considerable time and distance were lost in seeking a workable line of travel. Camping at midnight, we had only made nine miles for the day's effort.

Awaking in time for observations on the morning of the 30th, the weather was found beautifully clear. The fog, which

had persistently screened the west, had vanished and land was discovered at some distance extending parallel to the line of march, from the southwest to northwest. The observations placed us at latitude 84 deg. 50 min., longitude 95 deg. 36 min.

#### Land Clouds Seen.

In the occasional clearing spells for several days we had seen sharply defined land clouds drifting over a low band of pearly fog, and we had expected to see land when this veil lifted. We had, however, not anticipated to see so long a line of coast. The land as we saw it gave the impression of being two islands, but our observations were insufficient to warrant such an assertion. They may be islands, they may be part of a larger land extending far to the west. What was seen of the most southerly coast

extends from 83 deg. 20 min. to 83 deg. 51 min., close to the 102d meridian.

This land has an irregular mountainous sky line, is perhaps eighteen hundred feet high and resembles in its upper reaches the highlands of Heiberg Island. The lower shore line was at . . . time visible. This land is probably a part of Crocker Land.

From 84 deg. 23 min., extending to 85 deg. 11 min., close to the 102d meridian, the coast is quite straight. Its upper surface is flat and mostly ice capped, rising in steep cliffs to about twelve hundred feet. The lower surface was so indistinctly seen that we were unable to detect glacial streams or ice walls. Both lands were hopelessly buried under accumulated snows.

We were eager to set foot on the newly discovered coast, for we believed that, as proved by later experience, that these were the earth's northernmost rocks, but the pressing need for rapid advance in the aim of our main mission did not permit of detours. Resolutions were reinforced and energy was harbored to press onward for the pole in an air line.

Every observation, however, indicated an easterly drift, and a westerly course must be continuously forced to counteract the movement. A curtain was drawn over the land in the afternoon of March 31, and we saw no more of it. Day after day we now pushed along in desperate northward sprints. Strong winds and fractured, irregular ice increased the difficulties; progress was slow.

In one way or another we managed to gain a fair march between storms during each twenty-four hours. In an occasional spell of stillness mirages spread screens of fantasy out for our entertainment. Curious cliffs, odd shaped mountains and inverted ice walls were displayed in attractive colors. Discoveries were made often, but with clearer horizon the deception was detected.

On April 3 the barometer remained steady and the thermometer sank. The weather became settled and clear. The pack became a more permanent glitter of color and joy. At noon there was now a dazzling light, while the sun at midnight sank for but a few moments under a persistent northerly haze, leaving the frosted blues bathed in noontime splendor. In those days we made long marches. The ice steadily improved. Fields became larger and thicker, the pressure lines less frequent and less troublesome. Nothing changed materially; the horizon moved, our footing was seemingly a solid crust of earth, but it shifted eastward; all was in motion. Often we were too tired to build snow houses, and in sheer exhaustion we bivouacked in the lee of hummocks. Here the overworked body called for sleep, but the mind refused to close the eye.

In a Lifeless World. There was a weird attraction in the anomaly of our surroundings which

aroused the spirits. We had passed beyond the range of all life. For many days we had not seen a suggestion of animated nature. There were no longer footprints to indicate other life, no breath spouts escaped from the frosted bosom of the sea.

Even the sea algae of the surface waters were no longer detected. We were all alone—all alone in a lifeless world. We had come to this mental blank in slow but progressive stages. As we sailed from the barren areas of the fisher folk along the outposts of civilization the complex luxury of the metropolis was lost and the brain called for food.

Beyond, in the half savage wilderness of Danish Greenland, there was the dawn of a new life of primitive delight. Still further along, in the Ultima Thule of the aborigines, the sun rose over the days of prehistoric joys. Advancing beyond the haunts of man, we reached the noonday splendor of thought in times before man's creation.

Now, as we pushed beyond the habitat of all creatures—ever onward—into the sterile wastes, the sun sets. Beyond was night and hopelessness. With eager eyes we searched the dusky plains of frost, but there was no speck of life to grace the purple run of death.

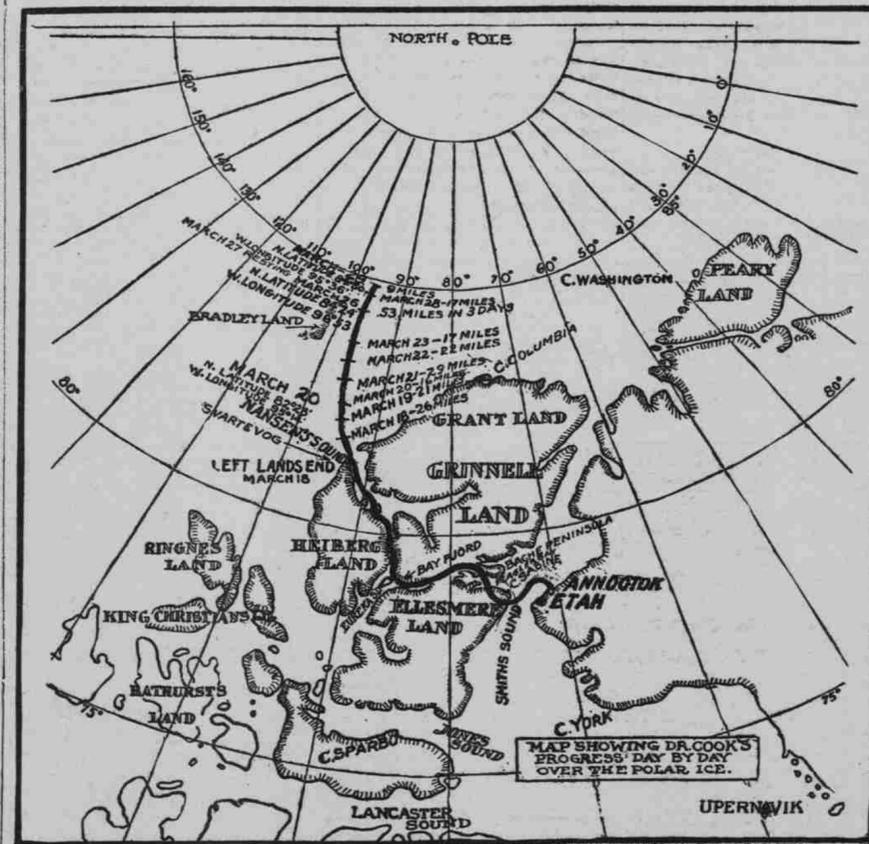
In this mid-polar basin the ice does not readily escape and disentangle. It is probably in motion at all times of the year, and in the readjustment of the fields following motion and expansion there are open spaces of water, and these during most months are quickly sheathed with new ice.

Measuring the Ice. In these troubled areas we were given frequent opportunities to measure ice thickness, and from our observations we have come to the conclusion that the ice during one year does not freeze to a depth of more than ten feet. But much of the ice of the central pack reached a depth of from twenty to twenty-five feet, and occasionally we crossed fields fifty feet thick. These invariably showed the signs of many years of surface upbuilding.

It is very difficult to surmise the amount of submerged freezing after the first year, but the very uniform thickness of the Antarctic sea ice leads to the suggestion that a limit is reached in the second year, when the ice, with its cover of snow, is so thick that very little is added afterward from below.

Increase in size after that is probably in the main the result of addition to the superstructure. Frequent falls of snow, combined with the alternate melting and freezing of summer and a process similar to the upbuilding of glacial ice, are mainly responsible for the growth in thickness. The very heavy, undulating fields which give character to the mid-polar ice and escape along the east and west coasts of Greenland are therefore mostly augmented from the surface.

End of Ninth Instalment.



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